

THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 5.

An account of the rise and progress of the pernicious vice of Gambling, and the alarming extent to which it is carried on in the city of London—from the treatise on the Police of London, by a Magistrate. (A contemplation of this alarming picture, may not prove unserviceable to check the further advances of an evil, which appears to be making rapid strides, especially in the capitals of the United States, from whence the infection must gradually spread through the country, to the great injury of morals, loss of property and prostration of industry.)

SINCE the first appearance of this volume, the Author, having experienced the most unqualified approbation communicated to him by several of the highest characters, as well as some of the ablest and best informed men in the Metropolis, has made use of various opportunities to develop, in a more minute degree, the rise and progress of the present extensive system of Gaming in the Metropolis, as well as the enormous evils which spring from this source.—A System which cannot be contemplated without horror and alarm; since the peace and happiness of innocent families—the morals and safety of the younger part of the Community educated in genteel life—and the utter ruin of thousands—are involved in the baneful operation of this vast machine of destruction; which, from small beginnings, has within the last twenty years grown into such a mass of systematic mischief, as to threaten to draw into its vortex a very considerable proportion of the circulating property of the Metropolis.

Previous to the years 1777 and 1778, Gaming, although at all times an object (as appears from the Statute-Books) highly deserving attention, and calling for the exertions of Magistrates, never appeared either to have assumed so alarming an aspect, or to have been conducted upon the methodized system of partnership-concerns, wherein pecuniary capitals are embarked till after that period, when the vast licence was given to these abominable engines of fraud, E. O. Tables, and the great length of time which elapsed before check was given to them by the Police, afforded a number of dissolute and abandoned characters, who resorted to these baneful subterfuges for support, an opportunity of acquiring property: This was afterwards increased in low Gaming-houses, and by following up the same system at New-market and other places of fashionable resort, and in the Lottery: until at length without any property at the outset, or any viable means of lawful support, a sum of money little short of One Million Sterling is said to have been acquired by a class of individuals originally (with some few exceptions) of the lowest and most depraved order of society. This enormous mass of wealth (acquired, no doubt, by entailing misery on many wor-

thy and respectable families, and of driving the unhappy victims to acts of desperation and suicide) is now said to be engaged as a great and an efficient capital for carrying on various illegal establishments; particularly Gaming-houses, and shops for fraudulent insurances in the Lottery; together with such objects of dissipation as the races at Newmarket, and other places of fashionable resort, hold out: all which are employed as the means of increasing and improving the ill-gotten wealth of the parties engaged in these nefarious pursuits.

A system, grown to such an enormous height, had, of course, its rise by progressive advances. Several of those who now roll in their gaudy carriages and associate with some men of high rank and fashion, may be found upon the registers of the Old Bailey; or traced to the vagrant pursuit of turning with their own hands, E. O. Tables, in the open streets.

These mischievous members of society, thro' the wealth obtained by a course of procedure diametrically opposite to law, are, by a strange perversion, sheltered from the operation of that justice, which every act of their lives has offended: They bask in the sun-shine of prosperity; while thousands, who owe their distress and ruin to the horrid designs thus executed, invigorated and extended, are pining in misery and want.

Certain it is, that the mischiefs arising from the rapid increase, and from the vast extent, of capital now employed in these systems of ruin and depravity, have become great and alarming beyond calculation; as will be evinced by developing the nature of the very dangerous confederacy which systematically moves and directs this vast machine of destruction—composed in general of men who have been reared and educated under the influence of every species of depravity which can debase the human character.

Wherever interest or resentment suggest to their minds a line of conduct calculated to gratify any base or illegal propensity, it is immediately indulged. Some are taken into this iniquitous partnership for their dexterity in securing the dice; or in dealing cards at Pharo.—Informers are apprehended and imprisoned upon writs, obtained by perjury, to deter others from similar attacks. Witnesses are suborned—officers of justice are bribed, wherever it can be done, by large sums of money*—ruffians and bludgeon-men are employed to resist the Civil Power, where pecuniary gratuities fail—and houses are barricaded and guarded by armed men: thereby offering defiance to the common exertions of the Laws, and opposing the regular authority of magistrates.

It is impossible to contemplate a confederacy thus circumstanced, so powerful from its immense pecuniary resources, and so mischievous and oppressive from the depravity which directs these resources, without feeling an anxiety

to see the strong arm of the law exerted for the purpose of effectually destroying it.

Whilst one part of the immense property, by which this confederacy is so strongly fortified, is employed in the establishment of Gaming-houses, holding out the most fascinating allurements to giddy young men of fortune, and others, having access to money, by means of splendid entertainments,† and regular suppers, with abundance of the choicest wines, so as to form a genteel lounge for the dissipated and unwary; another part of the capital is said to form the stock which composes the various Pharo-Banks which are to be found at the routes of *Ladies of Fashion*: Thus drawing into this vortex of iniquity and ruin, not only the males, but also the females of the giddy and opulent part of society; who too easily become a prey to that thoughtless vanity which frequently overpowers reason and reflection; nor is the delusion terminated till it is often too late.

Evil example, when thus sanctioned by apparent respectability, and by the dazzling blandishments of rank and fashion, is so intoxicating to those who have either suddenly acquired riches, or who are young and inexperienced, that it almost ceases to be a matter of wonder that the fatal propensity to gaming has become so universal; extending itself over all ranks in society in a degree scarcely to be credited, but by those who will attentively investigate the subject. (To be continued.)

* An affidavit, recently made in one of the superior Courts of Justice, illustrates this observation in a very striking degree. It is in these words—“That it is almost impossible to convict persons keeping Gaming-Houses before the Magistrates, by reason of the enormous wealth generally applied to the corruption of unwilling evidence brought forward to support the charge—That on an information exhibited against one of the partners of a Gaming-House, he got himself discharged by deterring some of the witnesses from appearing, and by the perjury of another partner who was examined as a witness, and for which he then stood indicted—That divers of these Gaming-Houses were kept by practising attorneys, who, by threatening indictments for pretended conspiracies, and other infamous means, have deterred persons from prosecuting them.”

† The expense of entertainments at a Gaming-House of the highest class, during the eight months of the last season, has been said to exceed Six Thousand Guineas! What must the profits be to afford such a profusion?

MAXIM.

LET us not trouble ourselves with wishing that things may be just as we would have; but be well pleased that they should be just as they are—Then we shall live easy.

THE CHINESE MATRON—A Story.

CHOANG was the fondest husband, and Hanfi the most endearing wife in all the kingdom of Corea: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity; wherever Choang came, Hanfi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hanfi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, shewing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing; their mouths were forever joined, and, to speak the language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, (being clothed all over in white,) fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan which she held in her hand; Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. Alas! replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears, how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave? he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath, he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavoring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home, adding that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned he imparted to Hanfi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hanfi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hanfi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such bare-faced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hanfi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honorable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with freedom. Choang and Hanfi exhibited open marks of

mutual tenderness and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness: so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity; when lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain for his recovery. Hanfi was, at first, inconsolable for his death: after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and, on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended, until the time prescribed by the law for his interment. In the mean time, Hanfi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathized with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant, approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her cloaths, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living; she, therefore, struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which, to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hanfi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprize. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendour. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hanfi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood, for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had laid himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he, the same night, married the widow with the large fan.

As they were both apprised of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquility; and not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment. Farewell.

Pelloribus inhiants spirantia consiluit exta

Virg. Æn. 4. ver. 64.

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a *Beau's Head*, with the several discoveries made on that occasion; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a *Coquette's Heart*, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waived this undertaking had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every snatterer in anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watry substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to shew the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small globe made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it shewed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house: Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the case and liquor abovementioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *Macro*, or point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to

take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other parts; inasmuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilst it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of *Rosamond's* bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trines, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We were informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core and center of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when, at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, shewed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features; that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it in a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange Phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

NEWARK, MARCH 17.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Studies of Nature*, translated from the French of James Henry Bernardieu de Saint Pierre, by Henry Hunter, D. D. This very ingenious, interesting and instructive work has since its first publication, gone through four successive impressions, under the authors immediate inspection; besides a variety of pirated editions in different parts of the European continent. No book displays a more sublime theology inculcates a purer morality, or breathes a more ardent and expansive philanthropy. St. Pierre enables us to contemplate this universe with other eyes; has furnished new arguments to combat Atheism; has established, beyond the power of contradiction, the doctrine of universal providence; has excited a warmer interest in favour of suffering humanity, and has discovered sources unknown before of moral and intellectual enjoyment. The avidity with which the clergy and other learned characters in New-England, have purchased the English edition of this delightful performance, and the opinion entertained by them; and warranted by experience, that although written before the "Age of Reason," a part of it contains a more solid and complete refutation of it, than any thing published since, are perhaps a sufficient recommendation of the *Studies of Nature*; in which the botanist, the natural and christian philosopher, the friend of order and government are equally interested, and by which they will be equally gratified.

Botanical Harmony Delineated; or applications of some general laws of Nature, to plants, by the author of the *Studies of Nature*, with three botanical plates, elegantly engraved, 1 vol. 8vo.

A Vindication of Divine Providence; derived from a philosophical and moral survey of nature and of man. By the author of the *Studies of Nature*, in 2 vols. 8vos.

All the above may be had of Thomas Allen, New-York.

MARRIAGES.

"*They light the nuptial torch.*"

At Piscataway, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ogden, Mr. ABEL CLARKSON, of Woodbridge, to the amiable Miss SALLY LANGSTAFF, daughter of Mr. John Langstaff.

THE MORALIST.

On the Necessity of Domestic Concord.

WHAT avails all the pomp and parade of life, which appears abroad; if, when we shift the gaudy fluttering scene, the man is unhappy, where happiness must begin, at home? Whatever ingredients of bliss Providence may have poured into his cup, domestic misfortunes will render the whole composition distasteful. Fortune and happiness are two very distinct ideas; however, some who have a false idea of life, and a wrongness of thinking may confound them. For better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith. That is, it is better to have peace without plenty, than plenty without peace. Quietness under one's own roof, and quietness in our own conscience, are two substantial blessings, which whoever barter for show and pomp, will find himself a loser by the exchange. Abroad we must more or less find tribulation; yet, as long as our home is a secure and peaceful re-

reat from all the disappointments and cares which we meet with in that great scene of vexation, the world, we may still be tolerably happy; but if that, which should be our main sanctuary from uneasiness, becomes our principal disquietude, how great must our uneasiness be? There cannot be a greater curse, than to have those of one's own bosom one's greatest foes; when we neither can live happily with them, nor must think of living apart from them. Love is a tender plant: it must be kept alive by great delicacy, it must be fenced from all inclement blasts; or it will soon droop its head and die. Indeed in general we ought to be very tender (we can scarce be too much so) as to what may affect another; otherwise we do, we know not what. For no man can tell, unless he could feel for him, how much another may suffer by any unkind thing we say or do. An angry word will give a deeper wound to some minds, than an injurious action shall to others, who are of matter too hard to make any impression at all upon them.

Duty of Man.

SORROW.

SWEET is the look of Sorrow for an offence in a heart determined never to commit it more! Upon that altar could I offer up my wrongs.

REFLECTIONS.

NO man ever did a designed injury to another, without doing a greater to himself.

Man's chief good is an upright mind, which no earthly power can bestow or take from him.

If you should escape the censure of others, hope not to escape your own.

No man is thoroughly contemned by others, but who is first contemned by himself.

The evil a man brings on himself is the hardest to bear.

ANECDOTE.

A Connecticut preacher, who was in the habit of giving the letter u the broad accent, which gives tu, the sound of chew, and to du, the sound of a jew, as is scripshewer and indivijewal, instead of scripture and individual, unstrung the devout grimacery of his audience by the following circumstance. In prayer, after having observed, that "we were like clay in the hands of a potter;" instead of saying in an accent, with which the ears of his auditors had usually been saluted "turn us O Lord and we shall be turned," he cried out in the fervor of his spirit, "churn us O Lord and we shall be churned." After meeting a person, who felt rather grieved at what he supposed levity in the minister, said, it was the first time he ever heard any thing said about churning in public worship, and somewhat of a wag observed, that he thought it would have been more appropos, instead of saying that we were like clay in the hands of a potter; to have said, that we were like cream in the hands of the dairy woman.

OBITUARY.

"*Our hasting days fly on with full career.*"

Died—at New-York, on Monday last, Mrs. CATHARINE MORGAN, wife of John Morgan, Esq. after a long and painful illness, which she endured with the most perfect resignation. She was a lady of very amiable disposition, and endeared to a large acquaintance by her many superior virtues.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's designed
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the first GREAT CAUSE of things.*

FABLES OF FLORA.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

"WHY loves my flower, the sweetest flower
That swells the golden breast of May,
Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
To waste her solitary day?
Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
The grove and genial garden call,
Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
Unheeded on the lonely wall?
For never sure was beauty born
To live in death's deserted shade!
Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
My banks for life and beauty made."
Thus PITY waked the tender thought,
And by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit-flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.
I sought—but sudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear—
The GENIUS of the Ruin spoke.
From thee he far th' ungentle deed,
"The honours of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
The flower that crowns their former toil!
Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
Or fond to grace this barren shade;
'Tis nature tells her to bestow
Her honors on the lonely dead.
For this obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turrets mold,
And undispersed by tempests there,
They rise in vegetable gold.
Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
Such desert scenes distinction crave;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be
Truth's, honor's, valor's, beauty's grave.
Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
As weary of th' insulting air;
The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
The lover's sighs are sleeping there.
When that too shakes the trembling ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles—how still their hearts will lie!
Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told;
For many a tender thought is due.
Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
When evening brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly o'er the shadowy vale,
And stop to pluck the frequent flower?
Those flowers he surely meant to strew
On lost affection's lowly cell;

"Tho' there, as fond remembrance grew,
Forgotten, from his hand they fell.
Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
Been taught her first rose to resign?
With vain but pious fondness borne
To deck thy NANCY's honored shrine!
'Tis NATURE pleading in the breast,
Fair memory of her works to find;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
She claims the monumental mind.
Why else, the o'ergrown paths of time
Would thus the lettered sage explore,
With pain those crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?
Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Thro' death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil
And lead OBLIVION into day?
'Tis NATURE prompts, by toil or fear
Unmoved, to range thro' death's domain:
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again.
Treat not with scorn, his thoughtful hours,
If haply near these haunts he stray;
Nor taste the fair enlivening flowers
That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

BY THE ABBE DE L'ATTAIGNANT.

Translated from the French, by Francis Ashmore.

NOW verging on my eightieth year,
'Tis surely time to lose each fear
Of Death's terrific call;
Content that life and I should part,
With smiles I greet his welcome dart—
Good night, companions all!
Each bliss I've o'er and o'er enjoy'd,
Each Passion feels in me destroy'd;
My stock of comfort's small:
When fit for nothing we are grown,
We can't, I think, too soon be gone—
Good night, companions all!
'Tis Heav'n decrees, we first should live,
Against whose power 'twere vain to strive;
I feel I soon must fall:
Fore'd every ill of age to bear,
Can happier hours be look'd for here?—
Good night, companions all!
Tho' rack'd from morn to night the brain,
Knowledge of all things to obtain,
On this imperfect ball:
More wisdom still in vain we seek,
We never can depart less weak—
Good night, companions all!

MA BELLE COQUETTE.

MA BELLE COQUETTE, ah, why disdain
To hear my faithful sighs?
With cold neglect why seek to pain
The heart, that for thee dies?
Those eyes, where all the graces play,
Where all the loves are met,
In pity cease to turn away
From me, Ma Belle Coquette.
Tho' foplings flutter round thee, love,
To share thy envied smiles;
Their empty vows be far above,
And spurn their specious wiles:

To virtue train'd, ah, let thine heart
Delusive joys forget,
And real raptures deign to impart
To me, Ma Belle Coquette.
The beautiful form, the expansive mind,
In thee their influence blend,
AND TO THE LOVER'S ARDOUR BIND
THE AFFECTION OF THE FRIEND:
My cause may Love and Friendship plead,
And fate propitious, let
Thy heart bestow its generous meed
On me, Ma Belle Coquette.
Those pleasures which from folly flow
With indignation leave,
And teach thy youthful heart to know
They please but to deceive.
Then blest, sweet maid, these faithful arms,
And fashion's lures forget,
To enjoy retirement's mental charms,
With me, Ma Belle Coquette.

TO SYMPATHY.

SOFT as the ev'ning dew, which from the sky,
Descends and rears the drooping flow'rs again,
Such are thy gentle pow'rs, sweet Sympathy,
That kindly shar'st another's woe and pain.
Be thine the task to calm the troubled breast,
And set each sad destructive care at rest.

THE RESURRECTION.

A SORDID Priest had hoarded up
A secret mass of gold,
And where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not told:—
At length it pop'd into his head,
To lock it in a chest—
Within the Chancel, and he wrote
Thereon, "*Hic Deus est.*"
A merry wight, whose greedy mind,
Long, with'd for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words,
Which on the casket lay:—
Took out the gold, and blotting out
The Priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, "*Resurrexit non est hic,*
"*YOUR God is rife and gone.*"
* Here is God.

EPIGRAMS.

CHARLES keeps a secret well, or Im' deceiv'd,
Since nothing he can say will be believ'd.
'Twixt John and his wife, in lieu of affection,
Perpetual contest arose:
In judgment and taste each assum'd the direction,
And both were proceeding to blows:
When John exclaim'd, "Hold, my error I see,
Your argument's weighty and true,
You have taste—for in marriage you made
Choice of me—
I have none—I made choice of you!"

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
For the PROPRIETORS.